

THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

FLAGSTAFF, YAVAPAI COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

NO. 40.

SAINT & CLELAND,

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY Proprietor.

TERMS: One Year \$5.00 Six Months \$3.00 Advertising terms made known on application at the office or by mail.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. MASON, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WILLIAMS, ARIZONA.

WM. L. VAN HORN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

DR. M. S. JONES, DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TREATED EXCLUSIVELY. Office—Lanfranco Block, opp. Temple Block, Los Angeles, Cal. Office hours—9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.

DR. D. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific rail. Office and drugstore—opp. the depot.

DR. M. S. JONES, DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TREATED EXCLUSIVELY. Office—Lanfranco Block, opp. Temple Block, Los Angeles, California. Office hours—9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.

DR. R. G. CUNNINGHAM, DENTIST, 120 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

STEARNS & DOUGLAS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. "Se Nabis Español."

STONE & STONE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

SLOAN & HEDGES, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Grant Block, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

McCOMAS & CATRON & THORNTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

C. C. McCommas, District Attorney 21 Judicial District, Albuquerque, Catron & Thornton, Santa Fe.

JAS. T. SAUNDERS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office—No. 5, Crownwell Block, Albuquerque, N. M. Will practice in all the courts. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Collections will be made promptly.

DR. JOHN F. PEARCE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, cor. Third and Railroad Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

G. S. EASTERDAY, M. D., ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO. Office—over City Drug Store. Consultation by letter will receive prompt attention.

DR. C. M. KIMBALL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over Phenix Drug Store, Harrison Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED

PRICE LIST

—OF—

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods, Notions,

—AND—

Gents' and Boys'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Sent Free on Application to

J. M. HALE & CO.,

7 and 9 Spring Street,

LOS ANGELES.

NOTE.

We make a special business of COUNTRY ORDERS, having a portion of our store set apart for that special purpose, and experienced men at the head of this department insure satisfaction to the distant patrons of our house.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Poultry.

We carry the only complete stock of Crockery and Bar Fixtures in New Mexico. Send us your orders.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

THE RANCHMAN'S STORY.

"There's some little joy in this world, but it don't last long, my friend. Just when you think you've got it sure it's very like to end. My cup did once run over with the best this world can give. And I was just as happy as a man can be and live. When all at once, like darkness a-coming at sundown, an awful storm of trouble came and swept my joy away."

"You see, 'twas when I lived upon my little ranch out West— They've names for everything out there. I had a plenty to live on—was doing very well. With crops and stock, and such like; and 'best of all' to tell the truth, I had my wife and children—a little girl and boy. So my life, as I have told you, was just about all joy."

"One day, I went to market, taking my wife along. And not an instant dreaming that matters could go wrong. By leaving the two children out on the ranch alone. For many a time before this my wife and I had gone. And left them there together to manage as they might. And found they'd got on splendid, when we got home at night."

"But that day, on returning, we were late, and when we came in sight of home we saw, sir, that the house was all aflame! I can't tell all the rest, for really I don't know. Just what I did do. 'Twas as if a mighty sudden blow. Had come and sort of dazed me. But by-and-by I found I was standing by the children, both stretched out on the ground."

"My girl was burned to death, sir, and my boy was going fast. But he told us all about it before he breathed his last. They were both helpful children, and when they saw how late we were getting home that night, my little daughter Kate. Thought she would light a fire and get the table laid. For supper 'gainst we got there, so little Jimmy said."

"Somehow her clothes caught fire—the rest, sir, you will guess. I haven't got over the sense of awfulness that took possession of me that night when I looked round. And saw the destruction. My house burned to the ground. My wife, like mother Rachel, not to be comforted; And, worse than all the rest, sir, my little ones both dead."

"'Twas terrible, then days, sir, that followed that black day. My wife went raving crazy, and they took her away. So I was left alone there. * * * Yes, 'twas some years ago, and I have learned to look beyond the troubles here below. To the glory that awaits us, when I'll lay aside all care. To the joy and comfort that's reserved for me up there."

"Now, I just want to ask you to take this. From the story I have told you: Don't live as if the end Of everything worth having comes to us in this life. The Lord has taken from me my home, my babes, my wife; But He has shown His goodness, the wonder Of His love, In providing an inheritance of joy for me above."

THE GOLDEN EGG.

It was Phil Barrada's wedding night, and the girl he was to have married had jilted him—gone off with another man at the last moment. That was not all. John Pommerly, the banker, was deeply in debt to Barrada, and it had been the tacit understanding that this marriage was to cancel all obligations. Not that there had been the slightest approach to a bargain, even in thought—Phil loved, and supposed himself loved again—but naturally he had been easier in money matters with the man whose son-in-law he expected to be than he would have been with a stranger. Phil staggered under the blow, but the banker seemed crushed. He sat in his elegant library, his hands hanging limp from the arms of his chair, his fine form shrunken into such a pitiable heap of shame and dismay that few would have known him. Barrada stood by the mantelpiece, his handsome face white, his hands clenched. It was rage that shook his soul. The manner in which he had been cheated was maddening. To have been deluded until this last supreme moment and then forsaken for the creature Rose Pommerly had chosen—an animated doll, a strutting barber's pole! "See here, Pommerly!" he said to the overwhelmed banker, bitterly. "Rouse up, man! I want to talk to you! I came here to-night to be married, and I must have my wife!" John Pommerly stared at him helplessly, with drooping jaw. "Good heavens, man! Don't look at me that way!" exclaimed Barrada, impatiently. "The guests wait. As yet they know nothing. You have other daughters. But the bridal firecracker on one of them, and let us have a wedding in spite of Rose. Will you do it? I mean it—yes. Decide quickly; there is no time to lose."

The broker straightened himself, and tried to look a little more rational. "Which?—which?" he gasped. At that moment a young girl, perhaps fifteen, ran into the library. "Papa, are you ill?" she cried, in a scared voice, flinging her arms round his neck. She was Lil Pommerly. Why "Lil" (Lilly) it would be hard to say; for even in her cradle she must have been a black little thing. She was the youngest of Mr. Pommerly's daughters, and possessed the least claims to beauty. She was in white, of course, which made her gypsy skin seem even darker by contrast. But she had splendid big, black eyes, which turned in luminous wonder now on Phil Barrada, as he ex-

claimed, coming forward and taking her hand in his: "Lil, you are sorry for me! You like me some, I know. Will you put on the bridal veil your sister has discarded, and come down with me and be married to-night? I will never let you regret it."

Lil's very lips turned white and stiff. Her father put his arm around her. "She is such a child, Barrada," he said, faintly. "All the better," Phil answered, sternly, keeping fast hold of the little, quivering hand. "She is more likely to be honest and true. Neither you nor she shall ever regret it, if you give her to me, sir. What do you say, Lil?" "Papa?" questioned the girl timidly, turning her little, dark, startled face toward him. "My child?" "Shall I, papa? Would you like it?" Mr. Pommerly drew a long, anxious breath. Such a marriage would keep money matters on the old footing, and to pay Barrada now would break him. It did not take him long to decide. "Yes," he said, "it would gratify me very much, and save us all—your mother and sisters from great humiliation."

"Then I will," said Lil. Her father went himself with her to her sisters and mother, and explained briefly. The bride's dress and veil and all were there, and Lil was tall for her age. They fitted her better than might have been expected. There was no time to get excited. In an incredible space all was ready, and to the brilliant waiting throng in the drawing rooms presently entered the wedding-party.

The ceremony proceeded, was over almost before any one had discovered that the bride was Lil instead of Rose Pommerly.

It was a nine days' wonder, and then was succeeded by some other corruption in the fashionable heavens. * * *

Four years went by. Lil had spent them at school, Phil Barrada in Europe. Rose Pommerly Stratton was home again, a lovely and interesting widow, who had long ago wished she had known when she was well off, and married a rich man while she could get him. She was entirely dependent on her father, and not too welcome in his house. She almost hated Lil in her envy of her, as the mistress of Barrada's splendid home.

Phil had kept his word, and tried his best that no regrets should follow that hasty and seemingly ill-judged marriage. He was the master of large means, and he had helped Mr. Pommerly lavishly, while he had poured out gifts on Lil, and stayed abroad purposely to leave her unembarrassed.

They had corresponded freely and constantly, and seemed, neither of them, to have repented.

He was coming home, now; was expected daily, hourly almost. "Shall certainly be with you by the tenth," he wrote Lil, "and bring with me a marriage gift for my wife—a golden egg, worthy a princess' acceptance."

Barrada's main income was derived from a mining enterprise called the "Grand Golden Egg Mining Company," in which he was a large shareholder. It was a standing joke between him and Lil that when he came home he was to bring her a "golden egg."

Mrs. Stratton heard, with feelings of envy that cannot be described. "It's a great pity you are not a handsome woman, Lil," she would say to her sister, smirkingly. "Phil Barrada thinks so much of beauty in a woman. I am not sure I ought to risk seeing him after all that has happened. What would you do if he fell in love with me over again?"

Lil scarcely heard her. She was a good deal more anxious as to what her husband would think about her than she was concerning his falling in love over again with Rose. She was so little self-conscious that she did not know the little, plain, dark-skinned child had become one of the most beautiful women to be found anywhere.

The time seemed very long to her. The tenth came and went, and still no Barrada. She began to be very anxious.

The morning papers of the eleventh brought disastrous news. The Grand Consolidated Golden Egg Mining Company had gone by the board—burst like a prickled bubble. It was told at the breakfast table and every one turned white but Rose, who broke into an exultant laugh. "That is what keeps him," she sneered. "It is to be hoped your golden egg is safe, Lil."

"Rose," said John Pommerly, almost fiercely, "another speech like that will cost you the slim welcome you at present have under my roof. Mind it!" Lil sat like one turned to stone.

Presently she rose, and went out of the room, motioning the others back when they would have followed her. "I want to be alone," she said simply. The next moment a note was brought the banker, signed "Phil Barrada," and saying: "I am in the library. Come to me without letting Lil know."

Smothering an exclamation, Pommerly left the room. The two men met agitatedly. "How does she take it?" demanded Phil, eagerly. "Shall I go blow my brains out? or will you get her a divorce? You can, I dare say," he said, in a jesting tone, that jarred fearfully on his father-in-law's already shaken nerves.

There was a small bay-windowed alcove opening from the library, across which a curtain swung at pleasure. Neither of the men had noticed that

at the first tone of Barrada's voice, this curtain had lifted, and shown Lil, just as she had fled there from the dining-room. As those dreadful words fell from her husband's lips, she moved toward him. He turned suddenly and saw her, and notwithstanding the wonderful transformation in her, knew her. The next moment she was in his arms. Pommerly stole quietly out of the room. "Let them settle it themselves," he muttered. "Why, how is this?" asked Barrada, at last, looking fondly down into the radiant, blushing face upon his bosom. "You don't mean to say you love me, Lil?" "A happy, sweet laugh, and closer-clinging arms answered him. "But have you heard? Do you know what misfortunes have overtaken me?" he questioned. "Of course I have heard! Do you suppose I care, so long as I have got you?"

And then, to his amazement, Lil burst into tears. "Oh, Phil!" she said, "promise me you will never again say such dreadful things as you said just now to papa."

"I promise," he answered, laughing. "I was only jesting, anyway, you little goose! My money is not gone. I sold out the mine over a year ago. Lucky wasn't I? Oh, Lil!" holding her out to look at her—"oh, my darling! How beautiful you are!"

"Am I, indeed? Do I really seem so to you?" cried Lil, joyfully. "I have not seen so lovely a face in all my travels," he answered, enthusiastically. "I am so glad!" she said, nestling down into his arms again.

It had been almost on her lips to ask if she was as handsome as he once thought Rose. But even the memory of that doubt died now.

Not for worlds would she have mentioned her sister.

"But all the same," said Phil, presently, "I have brought you a golden egg. Wait till you see that. Oh, you needn't look!" he added, laughing. "I haven't got it about me. It wasn't exactly a convenient article to put in my pocket."

The egg in question proved to be a jewel-casket of most costly description, enriched with diamond, ruby and pearl treasures, such as would have turned the head of almost any woman, but did not Lil's.

To find herself beautiful in her husband's eyes, and dearly beloved in his heart, dazzled her sweet, true soul more than the gift of gems from a queen's diadem could have done.

TESTING SPIRITUALISM.

For some time past the commission for the investigation of modern spiritualism, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Seibert bequest, has been holding secret meetings and, according to one of its most prominent members, has "seen strange things happen." The principal part of the work so far has been the collection and analysis of the history and literature of the subject, extending back to the early philosophers, some of whom were spiritualists. The members of the commission have also been informing themselves as to the investigations, scientific and otherwise, that have already been made in this country and abroad. They have also been studying the devices of the Davenport Brothers, Katie King and others.

The members of the commission expect soon to visit the spiritualistic centers, and possibly they will make a chart showing the places where belief in spiritualism flourishes most, and where alleged spiritual manifestations are most frequent. The climate and surroundings of these places will be held. Regular seances will be held. Some of the members of the commission may visit Terre Haute, where some very extraordinary manifestations are said to be taking place. That part of Massachusetts close to Boston, which is one of the greatest hot-beds of spiritualism in the country, may also be visited. If any mediums or others here can cause writings to appear on a closed and sealed slate placed on a table in a dark room, the commission will be glad to hear from them. So far it is said this seemingly simple manifestation has never been made. The commission is anxious to hear of a haunted house, in order to look into that branch of the subject, and something is being done in the matter of investigating spirit photographs.—Philadelphia Times.

THE "NO NAME" SERIES.—There is something delightful about having anonymous letters and articles. It is such a nice thing to guess who the kind friend may be. Then it shows such moral courage to write a letter to a friend, and sign no name. The "No Name" series is popular, you know. If the person happens to be your best girl, and she desires to let her burning heart flow out, it can be done without a soul knocking—especially if she gets her next girl friend to write the letter. If an article for publication is sent without a name, and is personal, the writer is shielded from libel, and the poor editor, if he prints it, suffers the consequences, which serves him right. If your article is weak and flimsy, and you are not sure that the words are all spelled correctly, let there be no name—disguise your hand, and sail in, the waste basket is waiting for contributions without authorship.

Harvard college will not produce a Greek play this year, but the usual intellectual boat race will be played. Thus that honored institution of culture will not exist wholly in vain this year.—Hartford Post.

EMINENT MEN.

Thad. Stevens' Individuality, Hendricks' Hospitality, "Artemus Ward."

Just then Mrs. Hendricks turned the laugh on the Governor by relating this anecdote. She said: "All his life Mr. Hendricks has been fond of entertaining his friends at his home. When we first set up at housekeeping we had but little, and often that was less, but Mr. Hendricks went right on with his hospitable habits. One day he came down and told me that he had invited a friend to supper with us that evening, and that he would like something extra for the meal. I was horrified. We had barely enough for ourselves, and I told him the supper could not be unless extra supplies were purchased, but he said he had no money. I was just ready to cry when he happened to remember that a gentleman living about three miles out in the country owed him a small fee, so he said he would walk out there and get it, and we would feast our friend. The day was hot, the road dusty; but he went, collected the fee, and the banquet came off. I thought that experience would have cured him of inviting friends without knowing whether we were prepared to receive them, but it did not."

"Does he embarrass you in that way now?" I asked. "Oh, no. For quite a number of years I have so arranged my household that he cannot surprise me."—From an interview in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THAD. STEVENS' INDIVIDUALITY. His whole life was shadowed by a deformity in the foot, which caused slight lameness and gave a morbid sensitiveness to his nature. While in York he desired to join the lodge of Free Masons but this physical defect rendered him ineligible. He was much chagrined and became a most violent and pronounced opponent of the Order, never losing an opportunity to denounce it in unsparring terms. This hatred took a strong political bias and from that time he was one of the most bitter and unrelenting anti-Masons. His strong individuality impressed every one who ever met him and his sayings and doings are still remembered in many characteristic incidents. Judge Durkee, who like Stevens was a Vermont and was an ardent and devoted admirer of that gentleman, told me he was once engaged in trying a case with him and received a letter which was positively unreadable. He gave the letter to a friend promising a liberal percentage of the prospective fee if she would translate it. She earned her reward after some hours' hard work on the epistle. His writing consisted of two or three letters in the beginning of a word, followed by an irregular scrawl. He was once asked to read a letter of advice which he had written a client. He glanced over it, found himself quite unable to read it and handed it back and said, "I don't write letters to read myself. I wrote it for you to read."

A gentleman once wrote asking an opinion, but neglected to inclose the customary fee. With grim humor Stevens returned a blank sheet of paper by the next post.

WHEN "ARTEMUS WARD" WAS CHARLEY BROWN.

It was in 1869 that I met an old fellow who had known the Brown family in Maine, from which "Artemus Ward" sprang. His name was Bisbee. Bisbee was a blacksmith, and at one time had a shop in Paris, Oxford Co., Me. Opposite his smithy stood the school house and among the scholars attending were "Charley" and "Bill" Brown, the first named afterward famous as "Artemus Ward." Said Bisbee, "You kin talk as much as you please of bad boys, but I never them that boys weren't bad boys, I never want to see another cent. Burn my boots if they couldn't kick up more mischief than any boys I ever met. Bill was more active and wiry than the other, but Charley was the most deceiving. If I found the handles of my ham-mors smeared with axle-grease, just as I was pulling the iron from the fire, I knew the long-legged, lantern-jawed, red-headed Charley had been in. If I was putting shoes on a horse he'd slip in and with a solemn-looking face, hail me with 'how do, Mister Bisbee?' but that boy would not stand still while that boy was in the shop. He would pull hair out of the animal's tail, and prick him with pins, until losing patience I would throw the hammer at him and shout, 'Git out o' here, you land loper!' He would run a little piece up the road, only to return and say in lachrymose tones, 'Ye ain't mad, are you, old Bisbee?' 'I say, old gruff,' in a bantering tone of voice, 'Van Amburgh's menagerie is coming to town and he wants his monkeys shod, don't you want to put shoes on your relations?' With this sally he would disappear. Ah! many is the time I had to complain of that awkward boy to his people, who were quiet and Christian-like in their manners."

GRAINS OF WISDOM.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—[Saville.] Music opens to men an undiscovered realm, a world which has nothing in common with the outer world of sense.—[Mozart.] 'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.—[Thucydides.] Do not press your young children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.—[Spurthheim.]

SILK CULTURE WOMAN'S WORK.

Will you allow me space for a few words, upon Silk Culture, in your valuable paper. I receive so many letters from women, old, young and middle aged, that it is very evident there is a steady, growing interest in this branch of industry. Many who have been educated at home and by surrounding influences to think it unwomanly to earn their own living, or to acquire the knowledge how to do so, are now by change of circumstances and public sentiment, looking about them, anxious to learn themselves and teach their daughters how to be independent; how to earn something to help out a small income, or to lighten the burden of toil, where all is hard work and none but children to help, these are the people your interesting paper is calculated to carry help and information to. As silk culture is only in its infancy, some, like myself may venture to try to instruct now, who very soon will be left far behind by those more capable. But knowing that none can understand more clearly than I the class first named above, I venture to reach forth a helping hand accompanied with heart-felt sympathy.

The first care is to have a suitable place for the worms. Any room with two windows and a door, water-proof, and in a climate like southeastern Nebraska or warmer will answer. Even an out house will do, but where an ounce or more of eggs are to be hatched, the room must be large, so that the worms as they increase in size need not be crowded. Think of their nature on trees and you will understand the importance of this rule. Then in the second place have plenty of food. Osage, which is fed very largely and is said to make good silk, or mulberry trees, this is claimed makes the best silk. The Russian Mulberry being very hardy, could that will kill the osage is said to be to effect this. Thirdly, if you have children from eight to twelve or upwards to gather the feed, with careful instruction they can learn to feed them. This will be done with more care and interest if they are taken into the firm and receive a certain share of the income after the sale of the cocoons. These can be sent to the Woman's Silk Culture association, No. 1228 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. The price varies according to the value of the silk which cannot be determined until seen by them. Your money you receive in two months or less. So you see that you must be your own judge as to how many you can care for. The works is light, the weakly, the crippled, the old and the young can attend to it and make it profitable. But bear in mind it only lasts six or eight weeks, so of course you ought not to expect to gather in many dollars. Try and see what you can do. To me it appears just such an opening is needed—employment at our homes, in city, village, or on a farm it is women's work, for the most difficult as well as the more confident. If you need exercise in the sunshine and air, keep poultry, this also is pleasant and profitable, and like silk culture, the more you have of them that you can care for well, and give plenty of range, the more profit, and if you have both, each in their turn you will be surprised at the improvement in health and income.

I have said enough I presume to arouse in the minds of those who have been holding off, for fear of "humbug" to induce them to wake up and read up this thing for themselves, and those already interested will receive prompt answers, as far as I can conveniently, to any reasonable number of questions. Allow me to say in conclusion that I prefer to keep expectation of profits below rather than about reasonable expectations for the disappointment arising from getting more pay for our labor than we thought is easier to bear than getting less.—Yours to be helpful, Mrs. M. M. Law.

NEVER SAY DIE. What is more soul-stirring than to see a man, who, beaten on every side, crowded into a corner, fighting heroically to recover lost ground? Him who when his legs fail him, fights upon his knees. Him, who exemplifies the old Norse maxim: "Either I will find a way or make one." It has been well said that "success consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Push on. Friends may desert, the clouds of doubt and discouragement, of sorrow and despair, may hover round about, but there is no night without its morn, no lane without a turn. The world wants men, it is bound to recognize him who knows not how to yield. Gain strength from the words of that Spartan mother, uttered when her son complained that his sword was too short, "Add a step to it," the brave woman replied. Never envy those who have not, figuratively speaking, been obliged to take in their tight sails to weather a squall. If you have been crippled, hasten to repair the damage and fall into line again. You are the better for the experience. Don't be troubled if some people think you are not as strong as before. Bide your time and measure swords with them.—[Vanity Fair.]

Some of the yachts of the New York Yacht Club will not go into commission this season. The tornado in Wall street has been too severe on their owners.

Four prisoners have escaped from Sing-Sing—over the guardian wall.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Man Without Bones, Who may be Titled in Knobs.

Hector Davis lives in the hills a long ride from here. A farmer piloted me to the spot. We knocked at the door of the Davis Cabin and the first thing that struck my attention upon entering was a middle-aged man sitting bolt upright and supported by a rude and peculiarly shaped framework. He was introduced to me as Hector Davis. I at once entered into conversation with him and discovered him to be a man of fair intelligence and eager to tell all about himself, in a voice that was as strong as my own. I grasped his hand upon first entering, but his fingers all rolled up together like a cabbage leaf in a mushy sort of way that made me feel glad to let go of them. Taking hold of his limbs they yielded to the pressure until they were flattened out to twice their proper width. The only indication of bone was in his skull, which, while pliable almost as sole leather, still offered a kind of protection to the poor fellow's brain. His nose was a limber ass-dish-cloth, and when his head was released from its support, which was something in the shape of a similar contrivance used in photograph galleries, it rolled helplessly about upon his shoulders like a foot ball. His arms dropped at his side, but with the aid of the muscle he was enabled to partly raise the fore-arm, although the hand curled over limply and gave the whole a sort of zigzag shape. He shuffled off his slippers and requested me to step on his foot. I did so and it at once spread itself out until it looked as if a railroad train had passed over it. It slowly resumed its natural shape, but it was fully a half hour before he was able to get his foot into his slipper again. "Perhaps you would like to tie my leg in a knot?" he suggested. I found no difficulty in performing this feat, while my friend accomplished the same with the other leg, and after we had also tied knots in both arms he presented a very knotty problem, indeed.

While his body was assuming its former shape I learned from his old spectacled mother, who had sat during all these proceedings knitting in her rocking-chair, that Hector, who was forty years old, had always enjoyed excellent health and provided well for her until the beginning of his peculiar affliction two years ago. He first observed a softening of the bones of his toes and this rapidly spread to all parts of his anatomy, although beyond making him helpless he never experienced any inconvenience from it. All his vital organs performed their functions properly and she believed he would live to a good old age. She had a younger son, then in the field at work, who assisted her in handling him, and altogether they got along quite comfortably.

AGRICULTURE.

A Missourian has succeeded in domesticating a flock of quails.

New Jersey intends to have agricultural education in her public schools.

During the past seven years over 63,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco have been made in Petersburg, Va.

A Scotch Highland ox exhibited at a Smithfield, Eng., cattle show, had horns spreading five feet laterally.

Wisconsin farmers must purchase 160,000 bushels of corn seed, owing to the short and poor crop of last year.

Winter and spring grains are much benefited by harrowing the surface when a crust has formed after rains in spring.

A competent judge who attended the great stock shows of America and England in 1883, says the New World shows the best stock and in the greatest numbers.

In Michigan and New York they spray their whole orchards with a solution of Paris green, and kill the larvae of the codling moth so that they have apples free from worms.

A plan of forcing vegetation by heating the soil itself by means of hot pipes placed underground, not indirectly by means of heated air, is attracting considerable attention.

A gill of strong green tea is said to be a specific for sheep poisoned by eating laurel. A farmer who has used this remedy many years says he has saved hundreds of sheep by it.

The land sales of six railways in the Northwest last year reached the enormous total of 1,137,837 acres. The Government land entries in Minnesota and Dakota amounted to 15,206,602 acres.

Clover hay is much better for milk cows than timothy. It produces a larger quantity of milk, and also of a better quality. All butter makers know how yellow the butter is which is made from the milk of cows fed on clover hay.

If food is supplied in quantity only sufficient to keep a sheep alive, the wool will not grow and there is a break in the fiber. The fleece is not deficient in quantity but the quality is so inferior as to greatly reduce the value.

An Ohio farmer washes his apple trees every spring and fall with a strong lye that will float an egg, and finds it to be sure death to the borers. He claims that he has not lost a tree since the beginning of this practice, although he had lost several previously.

Farmers should not forget that the bran and other coarse feed made from wheat are richer in elements of plant food than the whole grain, and, of course feeding them makes a richer manure. A ton of what bran is worth \$14.59 for manure, while a ton of corn meal is only worth \$6.65.